

INDISCRETION,

A COMEDY,

In five Acts,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY

PRINCE HOARE,

**AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE, MY GRANDMOTHER,
SIGHS, MAHMOUD, &c. &c.**

IGNOSCERE POSSIS.

THIRD EDITION.

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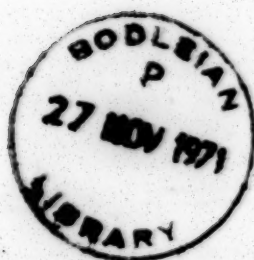
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DEAR SIR,

FROM our earliest acquaintance, during the whole course of your advance to your present Professional Eminence, I have been accustomed to look toward you with admiration and esteem. The publication of this Comedy affords me an opportunity of offering you a slender tribute of respect, by inscribing it to You.

ACCEPT, then, this testimony of regard, from,

Dear Sir,

Your most sincere Friend,

PRINCE HOARE.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. TALBOT.

TIS well for Comic Poets they can find
So much variety in human kind ;
Their freaks, their flaws, their nonsense and their rage,
But most of all their Love, support the Stage,
Love, the great source of Comedy, displays
His apish frolics in a thousand ways ;
A Proteus-passion, which by darts and fits
Shifts form and feature, as the humour hits :
Now all conceit, all chatter and grimace,
The merriest madman of the human race ;
Now a sad swain, wand'ring like shade unblest,
With arms close folded o'er his aching breast,
Pale hollow cheeks and tear-besprinkled eyes,
And long Cantabiles of melting Sighs——
But let the maid, for whom he sighs, beware
How far she trusts those symptoms of despair ;
For men can feign, and cruelly betray
The tender heart, which pity leads astray :
So says our moral——ponder it, ye fair !
Turn to these Scenes, and read your lesson there.
“ To love is natural—to own your love
“ Is dangerous or not, as it may prove,
“ For danger is no other than you make it,
“ Good sense will hear advice, folly won't take it.
“ There's honesty enough dispers'd about,
“ But judgment is requir'd to find it out.”
Some have no hearts for love, they cannot feel it ;
And some, who can, have cunning to conceal it.
The soul, within itself retir'd, lies deep ;
Sorrow can smile, and joy can feign to weep.

Flattering

PROLOGUE.

Flattering Temptation on the surface plays,
Lures to disgrace, and charms whilst it betrays.

* *Thus, tho' her Comic Garb the Muse display,
To reach the heart our Author dares essay ;
And while he strives, yet doubts, to meet success ;
Implores your smiles, his anxious wish to bless.*

* These four last lines were substituted, to serve an immediate purpose, in the place of the original conclusion. The Reader has to regret the exchange.

EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MISS BIGGS.

HOW strange to find a man of reason chuse
So wild a scheme to seek the nuptial noose !
Trusting to chance to fix his future fate,
And *advertising* for a *loving mate* !
And yet for serious ills, or idle vapours,
What more can promise than the public papers ?
Is there a want that prompts the heart to sigh,
Which their kind agency will not supply ?
Is health the object ?—straight the blessing's found—
On ev'ry page the healing tribe abound ;
In vain may Time and Nature still conspire
To quench the struggling spark of vital fire ;
The force of Time and Nature they defy ;
And 'tis a *wonder* and a *shame* TO DIE !

DEFORMITY may bloom in novel grace,
The Papers tell her where to *buy a face* ;
Or if grey hairs are stealing o'er the head,
Artists at once their auburn tresses spread,

And

EPILOGUE.

And youthful charms to tott'ring age can bring
" Sans *teeth*, sans *eyes*, sans *taste*, sans *ev'ry thing!*"

What can the public papers not atchieve,
Since all they say the gaping croud believe!
Would fame delight you?—here the secret lies—
That all may know your merits, *advertise*.
VALOUR may gain new laurels ev'ry day,
WIT wear fresh wreaths of ever-springing bay;
And BEAUTY, through all seasons, to adorn her,
Find fairest flow'rets deck *the Poet's Corner*.

If wealth be all you wish, th' glitt'ring ore
Shall from a thousand veins profusely pour;
On a new project stake a trifling sum,
And the return shall be, at least, *a plum!*

The records of the day, sure none will doubt,
Can make the *OUTS* be *in*, the *INS* be *out*;
And of such force is their commanding station,
A hint from them shall sink or save the nation.

If public prints such wond'rous pow'rs possess,
No timid terrors should our Bard depress;
He oft in former times has found them kind,
And, hence, their future aid may hope to find;
But first, to gain their sanction to his cause,
It needs the solid prop of your applause;
To their award *to-morrow* he must bow,
Oh! make it lenient by your favour *now*.

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Clermont	- - - - -	MR. BARRYMORE.
Algernon	} Sons to Sir M. Max.	MR. TALBOT.
Frederic		MR. PALMER.
Gaylove	- - - - -	MR. HOLLAND.
Lounge	- - - - -	MR. WEWITZER.
Thomas	- - - - -	MR. WATHEN.
Francis (Servant to Mrs. Goodly)		MR. WEBB.
John (Servant to Burly)	- - -	MR. EVANS.
Victoria	- - - - -	MISS POPE.
Julia	- - - - -	MRS. JORDAN.
Fanny	- - - - -	MISS BIGGS.
Mrs. Goodly	- - - - -	MRS. WALCOT.
Laura	- - - - -	MISS HEARD.
Betty	- - - - -	MRS. COATES.
Gentlemen in the Glee		{ MR. DIGNUM. MR. TRUEMAN. MR. DANBY.

SCENE—London.

INDISCRETION.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Hall in a Lodging House.—a Bell rings, and a knocking is heard at the Street Door.*

Enter LAURA. (hastily.)

IS there no one to attend the door? (*a servant runs across*) Francis, your bell has rung.—If you see Colonel Gaylove's servant, tell him his master has enquired for him. *[Exit Servant.]*

Enter Mrs. GOODLY, (in hat and cloak.)

Lau. O, my dear mother, I have been wishing for your return.

Mrs. G. What is the matter?

Lau. Miss Julia has been here again.

Mrs. G. Impatient, I suppose, to know if I had yet prevailed on her father to see her.

Lau. I thought her heart would break, when she found her fate was still undetermined. How have you succeeded to day?

Mrs. G. I found the old gentleman very peremptory, as usual, and was at first forbid to mention his daughter again: but I have been too long acquainted with Mr. Burly to be disheartened by his violence, which soon subsides if it meet with no opposition; however, the utmost I could obtain, was his permission that she might come to him, and solicit his forgiveness.

B.

Lau.

Lau. Surely, he cannot refuse to grant it. There is no doubt of her innocence.

Mrs. G. Appearances are strongly against her. Miss Julia is able to justify herself, yet her conduct unfortunately requires explanation, which a woman's, my dear child, and particularly a young one's, never should. The matter of fact still remains, that, to avoid marrying the man whom her father had chosen for her, she ran away with another.

Lau. With the intention of becoming his wife.

Mrs. G. I grant it, but setting aside the rashness of the step, she is not married. It is singular that the person, who carried her off, is not yet detected; but he must be known in time, and all that Miss Julia has to say for herself, is, that she escaped from him as soon as she discovered his designs not to be honourable. But, then, why did not she return immediately to her own house?

Lau. There she condemns herself—yet, you know, her sister Fanny can answer for every moment of her conduct, till the arrival of their maiden aunt put a stop to all intercourse.

Mrs. G. The very circumstance of her having a sister may induce Mr. Burly to act with more than usual severity. The object of his life is the honour of his family, which, till this unlucky event, has been unblemished.

Lau. And is so still.

Mrs. G. It would be best that Julia should see him as soon as possible.

Lau. She will be here again presently. She was in a hackney-coach, and said she would buy herself a few necessary trifles, which she could not do at any other hour of the day, for fear of being seen.

Mrs. G. Poor girl! I pity her from my heart—and if her father should refuse to receive her again,
I will

INDISCRETION.

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I will take care of her as long as I have a penny in the world. My obligations to her family demand no less. But let her conduct be a warning to you, my dear Laura; men of gay habits of life practise a thousand arts to betray young girls to ruin, and you see by Miss Julia's example that innocence alone is not sufficient to secure you from calumny. Take care how you trust your heart with your young lieutenant.

Lau. Nay, a sailor, you know, my dear mother—

Mrs. G. Hark! there is some one at the door—

Lau. (going.) I had forgot—here is a note from the lame gentleman who was here yesterday to look at our drawing room. It did not require an answer.

LAURA gives a Note to Mrs. G. and Exit.

Mrs. G. Very well. [*opens the note and reads.*

“Madam, I shall take your apartment for a week, and desire that it may be ready for me, or any one enquiring for me, at two this afternoon.” Without a signature—this must be a Solomon; to be sure! How am I to know his name? Well, the room shall be ready—Betty!

Enter BETTY.

Let the drawing-room apartment be ready for that gouty gentleman who was here yesterday, or for any one from him.

Bet. Yes, Madam. Mr. Algernon, Madam, would be glad to speak a few words with you, if you are at leisure.

Mrs. G. Certainly; desire him to walk in. (*Exit Betty.*) Ah! had Julia fixed her heart on such a man as this! —

INDISCRETION:

Enter ALGERNON.

Alg. Mrs. Goodly, I have taken the liberty, knowing the friendliness of your disposition, to trouble you on a subject which perhaps requires an apology, yet I believe is not wholly uninteresting to you.

Mrs. G. Whatever it be, Sir, I am happy to attend to you.

Alg. I have heard you speak of Mr. Burly's daughter, Miss Julia.

Mrs. G. Certainly, Sir.

Alg. You lived, I believe, in the family.

Mrs. G. I nursed Miss Julia, Sir, in these arms, and loved her, as I do still, as if she was my own child.

Alg. I doubt nothing of you, which goodness of heart can prompt—Do you know any thing of her at present?

Mrs. G. (*hesitating*) I—at present—Sir—

Alg. I do not mean to embarrass you by the question—In one of my late visits at the house, I was a witness to the stern manner in which her father vows never to see her again, and as far as depends on him, to withhold from her the very necessities of subsistence; in such case, till his anger be softened, every trifle that keeps want at a distance, must be acceptable, (*takes out a purse*). I beg you will take on you the charge of conveying this purse to her, and enforcing her acceptance. Its contents, like the present gains of my profession, are small; but the gift is from a warm heart that feels for her distress.—You look at me with surprise—I trust you see my intentions in their true light.

Mrs. G. They are, no doubt, generous, but your kindness is at present, I hope, Sir, unnecessary.

Alg. Let not Julia then be offended with the offer.

offer. Were I better able to assist her, I would enquire more minutely of you (for I perceive you know them,) the circumstances of her situation; but I have always hated the insulting curiosity that pries into distress, without the intent or the ability to relieve it.

Mrs. G. What shall I answer to you, Sir?

Alg. It is enough for me, that you are still her friend;—next to her own family she cannot have a better.—If my brother calls here to day, pray tell him I shall return in an hour or two, in hopes of finding him—— [*Mrs. G. curtsies, exit Alg.*]

Mrs. G. Now, if I did not know the integrity of Algernon, and his attachment to Miss Julia's sister Fanny, I should think the little adventures had made another conquest.—So, I shall have in my house to day, a young girl who has lost her character without a fault in her composition; a lawyer who makes offers of service and money without reward, and a lodger who expects visitors to enquire for him without a name—On my conscience, I may place a tall man with a staff and a board at my door, and advertise my house for three as great natural curiosities as any in the Museum or the Tower. [*Exit Mrs. G.*]

SCENE II.

CLERMONT'S Apartment. A Table on which are Wax Candles, nearly burnt to the Sockets. LOUNGE asleep in an Arm Chair, he starts up, rubs his Eyes.

Eh! I thought I heard my master Clermont——
yawn! (*lays himself back again*) Eh! there is some one come in below, who's here?

Enter THOMAS.

Th. Sarvant!

Lou. Ah, Thomas, what brings you out?

Th.

Tb. (*scratches his head.*) Nothing brings me out, Mr. Lounge—Meafter zends me out.

Lou. (*affectedly.*) Pleasantly answered, Thomas—have you been long in town that your wits are so ready?

Tb. Only but yesterday, Mr. Lounge; and so I thought I would call in as I comed by, thoff, sure as life, I was in some doubt whether I mought find you stirring so early.

Lou. Stirring! why I have not yet been to-bed--- I am expecting Clermont home—but Heaven only knows when he will come It's too bad—I don't think I can put up with it.

Tb. I don't wonder at that—Not a-bed yet! and the sun ha' been risen these three hours.

Lou. Psha! you don't think I trouble myself about the sun's rising or setting—that happens every day at some hour or other—no—I wish it were no more than that—there's something of much more importance.

Tb. You seem to be sadly out of sorts.

Lou. Do you know how Clermont serves me?

Tb. Lack-a-day! what do such a fine gentleman use you ill?

Lou. Clermont had once the character of as gay and pleasant a spark, as any in town ———

Tb. So I have heard scores of times.

Lou. Always in a thousand schemes of gallantry—which is the kind of life I like too. (*yawning*) When I was ordered to arrange his wardrobe, and prepare for his return to dress, and in short, had nothing to do, I always diverted myself with reading his billets doux, epigrams—he had a pretty turn, I assure you for rhyming—his notes of excuse, appointments, and so forth, which every valet has a right to read at pleasure ———

Tb. Aye, certainly, that is to say, if they *can* read.

Lou.

Lou. I give you my parole of honor, Thomas—I have not seen a single note, or letter these three weeks.—

Th. Surely!

Lou. He goes out without telling me whither—when he comes home, not a word—Nay, he carries it so far as to take his letters out of his pockets, when his coat is to be brushed—Oh! d—n it, it is not behaviour from one gentleman to another—It looks as if he had some suspicion of me—

Th. Sure as life he has—and that's very hard upon an honest servant.—Now for my part, I manages otherwise—I pass on my master for one that canna' read or write—To say truth, I canna' make much of his common matters of compliments and relations, and zuch like in his letters;—but, I don't know how 'tis—when there be any thing particular that the old gentleman wishes me not to know—I don't know how 'tis—it do come to me all so nat'ral, as it were, without looking for.

Lou. I faith, yours is the best scheme; accomplishments only subject one to suspicion.—It won't—it never will do, I am only in doubt, whether I shall leave Clermont without speaking, or whether I shall demand satisfaction!

Th. (*surprized.*) Eh!

Lou. The ridicule one is exposed to in all families!—why, there was at Lord W's. some evenings ago, who was courting Miss F.—The parents were averse to the match, and nobody suspected that the affair continued, till they were actually married!—why, my Lord's Swiss Valet Faineant told it in private to all his confidential friends a week before it blew up; and then asking us in return for some account of our masters—when it came to me to speak, I was obliged to look like a fool—no, d—n it—I must take notice of it—my mind's made up—If
Clermont

Clermont does not make a proper apology, I am determined on sending him a challenge.

Th. What! pistols and balls, Mr. Lounge! I do not know how it is, I do leave them there things to your fine folk.—Sure as life, I think it be main foolish, when people cannot be brought to agree in any *one* mortal thing, they should so soon agree to shoot one another through the head.

Lou. I do not know what *you* think; but I—I consider my own importance. Let me tell you, Thomas, the independence of my situation is such—*(knocking)* Hark! there is my master! get you gone, Thomas—I am sorry to turn you away—but—*(knocking)*

Th. But, Mr. Lounge, I called to ask you if you knowd where I mought find my young master Frederic, an he be come to town!

Lou. *(Hastily.)* I do not know, faith—I believe he came yesterday.

Th. I have a secret to tell you—that is all—one of the secrets I finds out, by not being able to read and write! *(knocking.)*

Lou. Well! well! another time, Thomas.

Th. Well, but you seem to forget your own importance—

Lou. Psha! psha!

Th. And the independence of your situation—

Lou. Get away, you clown—I know, by the knock, what humour Clermont is in.—It is as much as my place is worth, to make him wait a fingle moment.

[Exit Lounge hurrying out Thomas.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Apartment in Burly's House.**Enter ALGERNON with his Hat, as just come in.*

Poor Julia! what a difference has one unhappy step made in this family! all here was once cheerfulness and content—and now all is distrust and jealousy. The mystery of the affair, is more strange than all.—That her betrayer, if there be one, should remain unknown, seems marvellous. We all suspect Clermont—yet there are no proofs. This evening, I am resolved to try him—Innocent as I am, during the present uncertainty, I am almost ashamed to enter Mr. Burly's house—oh, here at last comes Miss Fanny.

Enter FANNY, (while Algernon is speaking.)

Fan. At last! only hear the man's impertinence! If I had not liked you monstrously, and thought you the most agreeable creature in the world, I should not have come this half hour!—Well! tell me, where you have been? whom have you seen? was you at the opera last night? Is the Banti to charm us again? have you heard Damiani? I am dying to know all these things.

Alg. Is your heart so light, Fanny, that you can employ your thoughts on such trifles?

Fan. (*Affecting gravity.*) And pray, grave Sir, on what would you have me *employ my thoughts*?

Alg. I should interrupt their gaiety, were I to enquire if you have yet heard of your sister——

Fan. Psha—always my sister—you cannot suffer me to be merry a moment, without reminding me of
C her.

her.—That's exactly what I dislike you for—I protest you are the most disagreeable man I ever saw. Do not you know nothing is so ungenteel as to trouble one's head about one's relations?

Alg. Indeed it seems so.

Fan. Lady Careless, the other evening, when some one enquired if she had heard lately from her friends in the north. "Friends in the north! north!—oh dear! my son and daughter—they are quite well—" and enquiries being repeated concerning her sister Emily—"Lady Emily! she is very well—oh, no—I beg your pardon, I answered quite wrong—she is very ill."

Alg. Your insensibility on this subject, Fanny, though I have long forbore to mention it, has cut me to the quick—I believe you really loved your sister, and yet the levity of your discourse is such, that, if you esteem me as you assure me——

Fan. I esteem you! I assure you I neither esteem you nor like you—I cannot endure you.

Alg. I am sorry I have offended you by my anxiety for what so nearly concerns you.

Fan. Concerns me?

Alg. United as you and your sister were in habits, and in affection, the world will scarcely believe you ignorant of each others situation; and honor or obliquy cannot follow the actions of either without mutual participation.

Fan. That is as much as to say, I am to be reproached on account of my sister's conduct.

Alg. Far be it from me to insinuate that you deserve reproach, yet I would have you think you may not dare to speak of such a misfortune with levity, as you have now done, and as I have often with an aching heart observed you to do——

Fan. If it distresses you, why do you pay attention to it.

Alg.

Alg. (*looks at Fanny a few moments in silence*) Well then, it is best, as I have for some time thought, that I should trouble you no longer with my visits: and I shall leave you with less concern, while I behold you capable of forgetting a sister, however unfortunate.

Fan. (*much agitated.*) You are—not—going—Algernon?

Alg. After what I have said, my presence here cannot but be painful to both—I shall long think of you; but I will strive to respect myself too much ever to regret you. (*going.*)

Fan. (*weeps.*)

Alg. In tears!

Fan. I cannot bear your anger—If you will stay, I will confess the truth to you.

Alg. You amaze me—what have you to confess?

Fan. Heaven knows, my sister's misfortune lies at my heart, and there I strive to keep it—My father will not suffer me to speak of it as I feel, on pain of his displeasure.

Alg. Wonderful!—Is it possible your unconcern was counterfeit? but why disguise yourself *to me*?

Fan. Shall I tell you the reason?

Alg. By all means.

Fan. Then—it was because I wanted to try how well I could counterfeit with a person whom I so much—now if I tell you I like you, you'll begin to scold me again directly.

Alg. No, upon my honour—

Fan. That was it indeed—Now I cannot bear you for having forced me to tell you the truth.

Alg. On my conscience, Fanny, I know not if your heart be more full of goodness, or your head of caprice.

Fan (*gayly*) Did you not say you were going to leave me? good bye.

Alg. The world would not tempt me to resign you.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Captain Maxim, Madam, is below.

Alg. I had forgot to tell you of my brother's arrival.

Fan. There! did not I tell you no one cared about their relations? Admit him—— [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter FREDERICK, (laughing)

Fred. Ha, ha, ha—Miss Fanny, your servant—Ha, brother! what! close aboard, close aboard as usual! I beg Miss Fanny's pardon, but—*(takes Algernon's hand, is about to tell him something, and bursts into a laugh.)*

Alg. What is the matter, Frederick? this freedom in Miss Fanny's presence——

Fred. I'll tell you—My father, *(laughs)* my father is going to be married.

Fan. Married!

Alg. That should seem no great subject of diversion to you, who are the elder son.

Fred. Yes—but whom do you think he has chosen for a wife?

Fan. Whom, pray?

Fred. A lady whom he has come athwart of by advertising in the newspapers *(all laugh)*.

Alg. How did you learn this?

Fred. Thomas, by working to windward, has dropp'd his anchor under my father's bows, and given him a foul birth—he won't ride so snug and easy as he imagines—I'll take care of that—Here are my father's proposals given me by Thomas, with a special portrait of himself——*(takes a newspaper from his pocket.)*

Fan. And as much resemblance probably to himself, as might be expected if every man drew his own.

Fred.

Fred. You may read it—(*looks over the paper*) reads, “To the ladies.” Oh, here it is. [*Gives the paper to Fanny, pointing to the place he refers to.*]

Fan. (*reads.*) “A widower in the prime of life—

Alg. About sixty-five.

Fan. (*reads.*) “Of tolerable good figure——

Fred. A cripple with the gout.

Fan. (*reads*) “Possessed of engaging manners, and sound judgment, delicate and ingenuous in behaviour, and above all, rational in conduct.

Alg. Of all which he thus gives proof.

Fan. (*reads*) “Any lady minutely specifying her qualities, (her age not much exceeding forty) will be instantly treated with, and the most inviolable secrecy preserved.”

Fred. Yes, he flatters himself not a soul suspects him.

Fanny. And where (*giving the paper again to Fred.*) is the lady’s account of herself?

Fred. I homas could not fall aboard of that; tho’ he says he has made several trips with packets to the bar of a coffee house—and, no doubt, a meeting is decided upon.

Fan. What would I give to see the first interview!—your father advancing with all the dignity of a gouty shoe, and after a preface of fifty *because*s, opening the conference with—Madam, a man of reason—if a man of reason, Madam, should act like a fool in his old age, it is *because*—no, there I think he would stop, *because* he would be at a loss for a reason.

Alg. Then the lady, some starch old maiden, wound up for a parley, as a Chinese figure is for a race across the table—drawing herself up like a threadpaper, and gently turning her face aslant with a blush at finding herself in so novel a situation.

Fan. Or some lady’s waiting maid, full of all the delicacies of speech, studied from her mistress’s toilette, all in a spirituous flutter at the thoughts of her venturesomeness, and *hop-ing* that the gentleman will
refine

refine himself to an *ingenious* behaviour, as he promised in the *advertizement*.

Alg. Or some artful courtesan, who will persuade him, she is a distant branch of some very respectable but decayed family.

Fred. Aye—some old transport, not sea-worthy—with a ragged crew of brothers, nieces, and cousins, that have not a good jacket and trowsers in the whole set.

Alg. Seriously, some project must be thought on to prevent this mischief.

Fred. Why, brother, I'll consent to any project that will save my father's honour, and preserve him from the ridicule of his acquaintance—but I want to marry myself, and am actually on the way for the license—perhaps this may be as good a project as any.

Alg. It may be the only one---but are you so suddenly resolved?

Fred. A sailor's life, you know, dear Algernon, is variable like the gale that fills his sails; nor can he call more than a moment his own—why, the admiral's signal was out when I left my ship, and I must be on board in a day or two, if I wish to share the glory of beating the enemy.

Alg. Still sailor like, Frederick—no sooner ashore, but you long to be at sea again.

Fred. Algernon, a seaman always shapes a direct course—and that's towards his duty—he may luff up and bear away, when his mistress or his friend point their guns at him, but in his heart, loyalty rides top gallant.

Alg. While such are the sentiments of Britain's sailors, who can wonder if her flag ride triumphant over the ocean!

Fan. Or that a grateful nation raise a pillar to record the glory of her brave defenders!

Alg. Well, we'll confer on my father's marriage again, and prevent it, if possible---(going.)

Fan.

Fan. And be sure you send me word, if you find where the interview is to take place.

Fred. Depend upon it—Poor human nature!—
a man in the prime of life! (*with affectionate concern*)

Fan. Of tolerable good figure! (*laughing*)

Alg. Delicate in his behaviour!

Fan. And above all, rational in his conduct!

[*They go out laughing, Fanny at one door, Algernon and Frederick at another.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE—CLERMONT's Apartment, Table and Chairs ; a Book on the Table.

Enter CLERMONT and GAYLOVE, preceded by LOUNGE, who sets Chairs for them, and retires, waiting at the back of the Stage.

Cler. PSHA—psha—come along, Gaylove—you shall not go yet, upon my soul you shall not. You are too pleasant a fellow to be turned into bed at this hour, when our spirits are beginning to rise, like the sun.

Gay. On my honour, Clermont, thou hast of late the most unaccountable humour! for this whole night, while we were giving free scope to mirth and pleasantry, thou wast sitting like a fellow sentenced for execution in the morning—and now that all the rest of us are beginning to yawn, it is just day-break in good spirits with thee.

Cler. Bring a bottle of claret directly.

[Lounge exit.]

Gay. No—excuse me, no more—I'll leave thee out of friendship, whilst I can make a good report of thee, for thou runnest a risque of being excommunicated for thy sadness and dullness—Thou overwhelm'st society, like a huge black cloud that flashes with lightning once in a quarter of an hour, and art no better than an under fiddle in a concert, sprightly and lively for two or three bars, and then mute for twenty-four.

[Lounge returns with wine.]

Cler.

Cler. Come, sit down, George— we'll each of us drink a favourite.

Gay. Not a drop, absolutely---I won't stay, if it be only to mortify thee, and revenge us all, for thy going away that evening when we depended on thee. Come, confess the truth; I do honestly suspect thou hast got little Julia Burly somewhere in a corner. *(looks about the room.)*

Cler. How can you be so ridiculous, Gaylove?

Gay. Eh! I see petticoats. *(looking in at a door, left ajar.)*

Cler. Nay, if you don't believe me --there *(opens the door.)* the doors are now open, go in and search the apartment.

Gay. No, no, if thou hadst attempted to conceal her, I would have taken pains to find her out, but, since thou art free and open, the Devil take me if I spoil sport, so good bye. *[Going.]*

Cler. Nay, nay, one glass.

Gay. Let the girl come out then——

Cler. I tell thee there is no girl there, nobody there.

Gay. On my conscience, I believe thou hidest her for fear of the old father; what a blustering challenge would he send thee! Thou must expect to be shot through with a blunderbuss and grape shot at the least.

Cler. Or have my head broke with the pedigree roll, for spoiling the family honour; no, Gaylove, it is plain thou dost not know what fear is, or thou wouldst have directed thy apprehensions to a more formidable quarter.

Gay. What, the starch inexorable aunt---so full of decorums and proprieties?

Cler. Even she. I had rather face a cannon than expose myself to the volley of thunder from the

D

tongue

tongue of a maiden aunt, whose niece is unlawfully made a happier woman than herself.

Gay. Ha! ha! ha! well, remember that you dine with me to day, and meet Frederick, who is just returned.—I have invited Algernon likewise, so that if thou art still in thy grave mood, and preferest a sermon, thou need'st not quit the room——

Cler. I will not fail you.

Gay. But no more of your silent gloom, your fixed eyes, crossed arms, and despairing sighs, unless you mean to kill your friends with the vapours, and drown yourself by way of catastrophe.—— [Exit.

Cler. (*alone*) So, I grow as intolerable to others as to myself; this comes of reflecting---I must needs reflect, when I had got a fine girl in my hands, whether it were a sin to take possession of her against her will---plague on it---what an adder I have nursed in my bosom! What's o'clock? (*looks at his watch.*) I am not sleepy, but an hour or two of rest may be of service to my spirits. (*rings a bell.*) To have seduced a girl whom I love from her father's house, and then suffer her to escape---Heaven knows whither!---She expected me to marry her,---but whose fault was that? I never told her I would---yet the ingenuous confidence she reposed in my intentions, so consistent with the simplicity of her mind——

[*Draws a chair and sits down, musing.*

Enter LOUNGE.

Lou. Did you ring, Sir?

Cler. (*peevishly*) No, what makes you interrupt me?—— (*Lou. makes a sign of surprise, and exit.*) She was the joy, the life, the soul of society, as happy as youth and innocence could make her.

[*Takes up a book and reads.*

“Till at the last a cruel spoiler came.” Psha!

[*Flings down the book.*

What

What a wife would such a woman have made! The attachment of a heart, replete like hers, with unaffected sensibility and virtue, were a lot so rare that it would——Heyday! into what moral melancholy am I falling! (*goes again to the bell and rings.*) These fellows never answer the bell. (*Lounge returns.*)

My slippers.

Lou. Sir, here is Captain Maxim desires to ask you how you do.

Cler. (*absently.*) Eh!——desire him to walk in.

Enter FREDERICK.

Ah! Frederick! (*affects gaiety*) my dear fellow! What no gunshot wounds! safe and whole!

Fred. No, Clermont, my ball has not hit its mark; you know whose care I think myself under.

Cler. I was speaking of you a few minutes since—Gaylove, whom I have just left, promised that you will meet us at dinner to-day.

Fred. I was sailing to his house—I bore up a little to speak with you, my honest fellow, but as we are to meet at dinner, I shall wear ship, and steer my course again.——

Cler. (*aside*) Uncorrupted Frederick! he calls me honest; he judges of others hearts by his own—This belongs to his profession—they are all so.—Well, Frederick, depend on me; if the Colonel's wine be but as good as usual, we will be as cheerful as of old.

Fred. For my part, I am always cheerful, and happy too, in that house, for you must know—I believe you are a man of honour.

Cler. (*confused.*) I hope so——

Fred. Then I may intrust it to you.—You know Laura Goodly.

Cler. Why, what a happy fellow is a sailor! Perpetually roaming over the world in quest of a new

mistress, and he scarcely sets his foot ashore, ere he finds one ready to leap into his arms.

Fred. This was all settled before I went last to sea—

Cler. I beg your pardon—I forgot a sailor's virtue, constancy. I give you joy—she is a charming girl—But does the mother suspect?

Fred. What should she suspect?

Cler. That you have taken command of her little frigate, without thanking her or the church for your commission in form.

Fred. For what do you take me, Clermont? a man is bound to protect the woman he loves, not to degrade her—I mean to marry.

Cler. To marry!

Fred. When I can obtain my father's consent to the match; but though he does not know the girl's name, he will not hear of it——

Cler. To be sure not—he loves *you*, and has been married *himself*.

Fred. Aye, but he would fain have made me marry old Burly's daughter Julia—

Cler. [*agitated.*] Indeed!

Fred. It is a mighty secret—did you hear any thing of it?

Cler. Not a word.

Fred. It was all made up between the old ones, while I was on my last cruise——

Cler. Well—[*impatient.*]

Fred. She, it seems, did not like me—and I liked another—old Steady and I had a smart breeze together about it.

Cler. [*ironically.*] He gave you many excellent reasons for it—every thing with him has a reason.

Fred. I shall make no way a-head by stemming against my duty to him; yet his reasons will not break me loose from my own happiness—to we came
to

to pretty close quarters---Father, said I---I wish to marry the girl of my heart---she has a frank, open character, and has been virtuously educated---she will make me happy when I am a-shore, and I shall fight my ship the better with her upon my thoughts.

Cler. But, my dear Frederick, marry! why, thy old companions, Gaylove and myself, and in short, all the set have agreed to hang out matrimony as a target to shoot our satire at.

Fred. I do not steer by your compass, my lad—a man cannot love a woman, unless he respect her.

Cler. [*aside.*] How this noble minded fellow makes me blush! bravo! we will make you strike your colours this evening, depend upon it. Gaylove and I desire no better game than a novice, not thoroughly convinced of the mischiefs of matrimony---for, to the extinction of wit, the grievance is so acknowledged, that all the treasures fancy can exhaust on it, seem mere repetitions of stale jests; and the most lively imagination cannot now furnish a man with a new argument against matrimony, except he be married---in which case we ensure him a fresh one every hour.

Fred. You are merry fellows, Clermont---but have a care how you broach these principles in our mess at Portsmouth.

Cler. Well---a prosperous voyage to thee! for my part, I am for skinning the ocean of life in a pleasure boat-----

Fred. Which the first fresh gale will overset.

Cler. Why, what raving cuckold has bit thee? thou shalt have a physician. Women were designed to be the sport of men, and the man who marries, turns the tables on himself, and becomes the sport of women.

Fred. Clermont, you anger me---women were designed to be the ornament of honest men; and if I
were

were disposed to be serious, I could tell you what their price is; but our course lies at opposite points of the compass—so farewell till we meet at dinner—

Cler. Where thou shalt be cured of this marrying fit.

Fred. I can bear all your wit; but I shall prepare for battle to mend your hearts—adieu. [*going.*]

Cler. Your's Mr. Benedick—marry—ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit Frederick.*]

now if any one but myself were to jest thus with my feelings, I should be inclined to shoot him through the head.

[*Exit Clermont.*]

SCENE II.

Table and Chairs.

An Apartment hung with Family Pictures.

BURLY and VICTORIA.

Bur. You only want to provoke me---Sister Victoria, am I to have the honour of my family picked out like a shell-fish! my escutcheon stained with harlotry, and my daughter trumpeted for a ——

Vic. Hold! hold! brother, for heaven's sake! or there is an end to all decorum of conversation.

Bur. Why, what is the matter?

Vic. You frightened me with the thoughts of the filthy word you were going to use.

Bur. How do you know what word I was going to use? You do this to make me angry———strange, that a man of a gentle peaceable temper, like myself, should find the whole world in conspiracy, to put him in a passion! If I once discover the young rake, who carried off my daughter—if I do not cool his blood, may all the plagues and confusions—

Vic.

Vic. Oh, that terrible habit of swearing!

Bur. Zounds! sister, I don't swear; I am as cool as a man can be, that's put in a passion. Here, John! John!

Enter a Servant hastily, as in fear of Burly.

Ser. Did you call, Sir?

Bur. Are the silver headed pistols brought home?

Ser. The gun-smith promised to send them this afternoon, Sir.

Bur. Bring me down the swords that lie in the green closet. *[Exit Servant.]*

Vic. Oh gemini! what are you going to do, brother?

Bur. Do! If I once find him, if he does not consent to marry Julia instantly—Zounds! I could find in my heart to shoot the young dog first, and make him marry her afterwards.

Vic. Aye, all this has happened for want of a proper, prudent person to overlook the conduct of your girls—If I had been thought worthy to be invited to London, brother——

Bur. I cannot guess what brought you to town now. Nothing but curiosity to learn the history of my hussy's running away.

Vic. Curiosity indeed! I defy the accusation.

Bur. Then why could not you stay in the country? It is the proper place for old maids. *[Victoria looks scornfully.]* Would to Heaven, I had let my two girls grow up among the long grass and nettles of Burly-Hall, till they were as far past the age of folly as yourself.

Vic. You're very polite, brother. Past the age! When was I inclined to a single folly at any age? thank Heaven, I am on my guard against your designing sex; past the age, indeed!

Enter

Enter FANNY.

Fan. Aunt, your servant is below with a letter, which he says you charged him to deliver only into your own hands.

Vic. A letter for me, my dear! (*confused*) (*aside*) I'm all in a flutter—Bless me! I'll go and see directly what it can be. [*Exit Victoria.*] *During the above, the servant brings the swords and lays them on the table, Burly examines them.*

Bur. So, Fanny, what news of your sister?

Fan. I have heard none, Sir.

Bur. Fanny, I suspect you know more of her than you will own—If ever I find—[*angrily.*]

Fan. [*affectedly*] Bless me, Sir, can you suppose that I know any thing of her? Truly, I don't think that a girl, who cares so little for the honour of her family, deserves that any one should be interested for her—She is no sister of mine.

Bur. How, you hussy? do you suspect the honour of your mother?

Fan. No, Sir; but if I were to meet Julia in the street, would you wish me to speak to her?

Bur. I won't have you *see* her, not look towards her—I'd have you forget that she's alive, and observe—no more of your tears about her—she is a little worthless—— [*pauses.*] I would give one of my eyes [*with tender emotion.*] that she had not behaved so ill—I was so happy in my daughters——

Fan. [*aside.*] The moment is favourable for Julia. To be sure, Sir, she *was* so mild in her manners.

Bur. Yes, so she was.

Fan. So good-natured.

Bur. Yes.

Fan. So affectionate.

Bur. Yes.

Fan.

Fan. Engaging.

Bur. Too much so.

Fan. Such a sweet girl.

Bur. Yes, Fanny, so she was.

Fan. She never committed a single fault in her life.

Bur. Never committed a fault?

Fan. (*alarmed*) Till this——

Bur. (*enraged*) This! Zounds! now you want to make me angry.

Fan. (*aside*) Oh mercy, now I have spoil'd all.

Bur. I shall go mad—All the honour of my family destroyed at once!

Fan. Poor Julia!

Bur. What is that you say? Don't provoke me—don't put me in a passion.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a young lady in a coach below. I believe, Sir, it is——

Bur. Hold your tongue, fool—Shew her up the back stair-case. (*Exit Servant.*) (*Bur. turns to Fan.*) Poor Julia!—begone to your chamber.

Fan. Nay, dear Sir——

Bur. (*severely*) Not a word—(*Fanny appears afraid to answer and exit.*) I promised Mrs. Goodly that I would see Julia, but I'll give her no reason for wishing to repeat her visit. Oh, here she is—my blood boils---but my heart breaks at sight of her.

Enter JULIA.

Bur. Well, minx, what is it you come for? [*Julia advances timidly*] None of your tricks and whining—How dare you look me in the face?

Jul. I dare not, Sir---I have been accustomed to see your countenance turned ever with gentle kindness

E

ness

ness toward me, and could not endure to meet it, made terrible, as to me it must be, with anger and disgust.

Bur. Well, you are come to justify your undutiful behaviour.

Jul. I know not, Sir, where a justification shall be found for the want of duty in a child.

Bur. No where, girl; huffy, huffy, you intend to tell me that I am an unnatural, hard hearted father.

Jul. Indeed, Sir——

Bur. That a daughter had a right to resist me—
(*Julia clasps her hands, and looks up to him.*) You are going to say that I used you cruelly, and wanted to make you miserable.

Jul. I cannot utter words that are not in my heart.

Bur. How!

Jul. Your conduct, Sir, had no motive but love for me.

Bur. Love! (*moved to tenderness*) I loved you too dearly—You Julia, were the gem that I had treasured nearest my heart—I looked forward to the hour, when, surrounded by your prattling and innocent little ones, and soothed by the homage paid to the unblemished honour of your life, I might have raised my eyes to Heaven, and said, God! I thank thee, that I am a father—but now the hand of scorn shall point us out—We are humbled, debased, levell'd with the profligate and attainted vices of the world—Wretched girl! what have you to say for yourself?

Jul. Nothing; I have disobeyed you, Sir, and I bear the punishment in my own heart.—'Tis not to renew the memory of my offences that I have supplicated admission to your presence, but to place before the eyes of an indulgent parent the repentance of a sorrowing child—(*weeps*)

Bur. Aye, aye—now forsooth weep—of what avail
NOW

now are tears?—you thought you could be happy by disobeying me—you presumed, without reflecting, to violate the holiest rights, the strictest ties of nature; to break the awful bonds of obedience to a father.

Jul. (weeping) Oh!

Bur. This too, when that father had no wish but to see his child happy—*(angrily)* You dared to scorn his wishes, his projects, his hopes—you defied every consideration, and look, Julia—in the morning of your life, the rose that should have graced your youth, is canker'd and trodden under foot—what is it you have done? You fled from the arms of a parent, to run into those of shame, to make a sneering, calumnious world insult you, and an unhappy parent curse you.

Jul. Oh—not so—not so—*(falls on her knees)* By all your love and past goodness to me, by the memory of her to whom you have so often told me I bore a resemblance—If ever you looked with affection on her—oh! do not curse me!—

[Lays hold of his knees.]

Bur. Away, away, avoid my sight—you have made me contemptible in my own eyes—*[breaks from her, she falls on the ground, he turns and looks at her with compassion.]* Now what an old fool I am! when I had resolved not to pardon her, and when I know, all the while, I am so devilish angry with her! *(goes to Julia and raises her from the ground.)* Rise, Julia, I feel I am your father—but is it for that cause I should comply with your unreasonable demands?

Jul. Did I presume, Sir, to ask a return of your favour, equal to that which you once deigned to shew me, I were indeed, unreasonable; but humbly to crave permission that, concealed from every eye but yours, I may strive to atone the errors of inadvertent folly; will you deem *that* unreasonable?

Bur. Eh! let me see—no, that is not so—(*half moved to tears, wipes his eyes*) Well—well!—[*About to embrace Julia.*]

Enter VICTORIA.

Vic. Heyday! whom have we here? Brother, brother, after all that I have said, I am ashamed to see you admit such an outcast into your room.

Jul. Let me hope, Madam, that if my father—

Vic. Your father is a fool, if he forgives you—pretty doings indeed, to run away from your father's house! you did not go by yourself, I suppose—answer directly—not that I have any curiosity to know any thing about him, but—who was the fellow that seduced you?—This comes of your freedom with men, creatures who are full of indecorum.

Jul. You interpret my misfortune too harshly. My conduct, though rash, has not involved me in guilt.

Vic. Hold your saucy tongue. Did you ever hear, brother, such impudence? Why don't she own the name of her fellow?

Bur. Zounds! Victoria, for once in your life you are in the right—Confess directly (*To Julia*) who it was that carried you away.

Vic. Aye, confess directly, huffy; let me know all the particulars.

Bur. And who gave you a right to enquire the particulars? the wrongs of a child are sacred in the presence of a father. Plague of your curiosity—you want to put me in a passion again; I insist on your leaving the room directly.

Vic. Indeed, I shall do no such thing.

Bur. Have a care how you provoke me—if you don't leave the room this instant, I'll forgive Julia without asking a single question.

Vic.

Vic. Rather than you should expose yourself in that manner, brother, I will leave the room—Oh, you ungracious baggage; you'll learn in time to beware of the male creatures,—like some who are wiser than you, child.—Ah, you're a fond fool. [*To Burly.*

[*Exit Victoria.*

Bur. Now, Julia, without another word—Who took you out of my house? I'll have the pleasure of cutting his throat at least—Tell me his name.

Jul. I too plainly see the peril in which your resentment would place you, and I dare not—

Bur. Mighty well, mighty well, Miss—you are determined to make me angry; but you shall see how gently I am resolved to behave. Here, John! tell this lady's coach to draw up to the door. [*a Serv.*

Jul. For pity's sake, Sir—

Bur. Answer my question instantly, or get out of my doors!

Jul. Could I hope, Sir, you would be content to forget the injury—

Bur. Zounds! I tell you I'll cut his throat—answer me directly—

Jul. I will bear the worst that can befall me, rather than disclose his name—

Bur. You are resolute! you won't tell—let me never see you again. If you ever dare to set foot again in this house—Zounds! I don't know what I'll do to you—you shall not put me in a passion—Be-gone!

Jul. Must then a wretched outcast fly for refuge to a hard, unpitying world? Heaven be my guide! and, wheresoever my lot be cast, may the voice of my affliction never rise against my father! In the midst of my sufferings, heavy as they may be, I will clasp to my inmost soul the cheering recollection, that I have not consented to endanger a parent's life—Heaven bless you, Sir!

[*Exit Julia.*

Bur.

Bur. Plague of her obstinacy!—deny me the satisfaction of——

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir Marmaduke Maxim is below, Sir, and wishes to speak with you.

Bur. Well, desire him to walk up.

Ser. He says, Sir, he is so lame, he'll be glad if you will excuse him from coming up stairs.

Bur. Shew him into the parlour, and I will wait on him. (*Exit Servant*) Now for a chapter of reasons; Maxim has a reason for every thing---a hundred to one he finds a reason for my daughter's running away from a match with his own son—oh, plague of her disobedience—'Twill nigh break my heart---If I can once learn that the rascal, who seduced her, is of a gentleman's family, within twelve hours from my knowing his name, he shall either be a married man with Julia for his wife, or a bachelor with a sword through his body. [*Exit Burly.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—*Another Apartment in BURLY's House.*

Enter MAXIM walking on Crutches, and supported by THOMAS. A Servant of the House shews them into the Room and exit.

Max. THERE—gently, Thomas—my old enemy has been very painful these two days past. (*Thomas assists Max. to sit down, and places his crutches at the side of the chair*) Did you enquire concerning the parcel which you carried to the coffee-house last night?

Tho. Yes, Sir—they said it was fetch'd away early this morning, as usual. I fancies, Sir—you'll excuse my boldness in speaking —

Max. What is it, Thomas?

Tho. That your honour is going to be made a Parliament man—You won't discharge honest Thomas?

Max. Never fear, Thomas, though some change should take place, honest Thomas shall not lose by it.

Tho. Thank your honour—(*aside*) He does not suspect that I knows the contents of the parcel.—Sha'n't I go for an answer to your honor's letter?

Max. Ay, do so.

Tho. I wish, your honour, I were learned to read a few of those fine discourses your honour do write—I warrant they mun be as sound learning, and as wholesome too, as any of our parson's sermons.

[*Exit Thomas.*

Max. Simpleton! he little suspects how I avail myself of his want of learning. What power reason gives us over ignorance! I am more and more satisfied with

INDISCRETION.

with my device. What scheme of matrimony half so good as the one I have chosen? Study the sex? all deceit—make enquiries? all random and uncertainty—acquaintance? all plot, artifice and intrigue. What says the man of reason?—I'll advertise—Ay, ay, the man of reason carves out his own condition---Ah! my friend!

Enter BURLY.

Who advances to MAXIM's chair, and shakes Hands with him---MAXIM is about to rise.

Bur. Do not stir---

Max. I am happy to see you---happy to see you, my dear, dear friend---

Bur. Psha! a plague of your compliments---what news of your youngster, Frederick?

Max. He is off at sea again---how is Julia?

Bur. Do not mention her---she is off at sea likewise. A plague of undutiful children!

Max. Ah--you are hasty---you are hasty, Mr. Burly---

Bur. Hasty! we have both been too slow, friend Maxim---we should have joined the young couple's hands, before they had time to thwart us---

Max. Ah, my dear friend---that will not do for the Maxim family---because---

Bur. Plague of your *because's*---

Max. There! hasty again---Now, I have been considering the matter, and as we could not bring about the match, which seemed so advantageous, between my eldest son Frederick and your daughter Julia, I am come to consult you on another plan---what say you? will you give an old friend your opinion?

Bur. You know my manner---I shall deliver it more freely than you like---

Max. Impossible---because freedom from a reasonable man like yourself---

Bur.

Bur. Zounds, man---do not plague me with more compliments---come to the point.

Max. Well, my dear friend, not having been able, as I said, to bring about this match for our children, I have, myself, thoughts of a second marriage.

Bur. Marriage!

Max. Yes---

Bur. And you want my opinion?

Max. I would not, for the world, venture on such a step without consulting a sincere friend like you.

Bur. Let me see you walk across the room---

Max. That I will directly---plague on the rascal, where has he put my crutches?---oh! there they are. My dear friend, your arm a moment---there, just to get up, because---oh! [*expresses pain, takes his crutches, leans on Burly, rises and walks.*]

Bur. How long have you carried that gouty shoe?

Max. Eh! about ten years.

Bur. Say twenty; and you were no youngster, when you first were thankful for the gout, as a substitute for a long catalogue of daily infirmities.

Max. Pho! pho! I am a younger man than ever.

Bur. I do not believe it. Have you no other complaints?

Max. No, not one.

Bur. No asthma?

Max. At times only.

Bur. No rheumatism?

Max. That is accidental.

Bur. No coughs, catarrhs, cramps, spasms, sciatica---

Max. Eh, eh?—a truce, a truce—there is no occasion for such a scrutiny. You must first hear my reasons for marrying---

Bur. What are they?

Max. First, a wife will be such a comfort to me!—

F

dear

dear creature ! when I have the gout in my hands to put on my night-cap for me—

Bur. To put on your fool's-cap for you.

Max. Eh ? are you in earnest ?

Bur. Zounds ! did you ever hear me jest ?

Max. Mr. Burly, I used to have an opinion of your understanding---I consulted you because I thought you a reasonable man ; but I am very sorry to tell you, that, though you have a thousand good qualities, I must in future look on you as very deficient in judgment.

Bur. Zounds ! if you are determined to marry, go and be married.

Max. What do you say ? do you advise me to marry ?

Bur. By all means, as fast as possible.

Max. No—no haste—I do not like to be hasty ; but, as you are of my mind on the subject, I may tell you, I shall probably be married this week, or the next.

Bur. What ! it is all settled, is it ?

Max. Matters are in train, and I have reason to think we shall be very comfortable.

Bur. Yes, and if you have not comfort enough in reason with your wife—I wish you a daughter or two—who is the lady ?

Max. There I think I shall surprize you. None of your hair-brained, giddy girls.

Bur. Of course, at your age.

Max. Pho ! why mention my age again ? but she is a woman for all ages—a woman of pure morals, sound understanding, delicacy of conduct, without the least grain of affectation, prudery, coquetry, or any of the other general foibles of her sex.

Bur. Excellent ! you have all her good qualities by heart ———

Max.

Max. Oh, without knowing those I should not have had so good a reason for marrying—but mum—You shall see her in a few days. Good morning to you, my dear friend---many thanks for your advice. I am now convinced that you are the same reasonable man I always thought you—Adieu, good Burly—ah! I have met with a true old friend! [*Exit Maxim.*

Bur. And I have parted with a true old fool.

[*Exit on the opposite side.*

SCENE II.

CLERMONT'S Apartment.

Enter THOMAS, with a Parcel, from one End of which he draws out an enclosed Letter.

Tho. Eh! Eh, as sure as life, I ha' caught the secret at last—I'll just get Mr. Lounge to *meak* out a queer word, or so,---Measter Lounge!---Eh! dang it, where is he? Why, sure, he can't have challenged his master and gone out wi' him, as he talked on—— odds! ——Who's here?

[*Tho. retires.*

Enter CLERMONT.

Cler. Is it impossible, then, to trace the steps of this little fugitive!---The match, to which they would have forced her, with Frederick Maxim, was the secret and sole cause of her readiness to run into my arms, which I so grossly misinterpreted.

Th. (aside) He do seem mightily uneasy, I must listen a bit.

Cler. My conduct has exposed us both to misery; I'll endure reflection no longer—let me this instant fly——

[*Going, pauses.*

Th. (overhearing) Fly!

Cler. Psha! this is affectation---my wounds are light and superficial, while I have pierced an innocent victim to the heart——

Th.

Th. Oh lud! sure as life, he ha' killed Mr. Lounge, Oh lud! lud!

Cler. Who's there?

Th. (*frightened.*) It's only I, Sir, I be so frighten'd.

Cler. What's your business?

Th. (*with simplicity*) I came to see *he*, Sir—I did not think, dang it, as how he'd really ha' *fit*—

Cler. Whom do you talk of?

Th. Poor Meafter Lounge, Sir. Oh lud! lud!

Cler. Lounge a fit? Why, Lounge! he was here just now---Lounge!

Enter LOUNGE rubbing his eyes.

Why do you not answer? His fit seems to be a sleepy one,---what makes you go to sleep at this hour?

Lou. I did not mean, Sir--- to go to sleep, Sir--- I believe sleep came to *me*, Sir.

Cler. No repartee, but get my things to dress immediately, and take your companion along with you.

[*Exit Lou. Tho. going.*]

What is that parcel?

Th. I don't know, Sir.

Cler. Not know!

Th. I came, an please you, Sir, to ask Mr. Lounge what it *wur*.

Cler. Let me see it. (*Tho. gives him the letter with hesitation.*) Reads "To Modestus." who's Modestus?

Th. Aye, who can he be, Sir? (*aside*) I won't peach without pay——

Cler. (*sharply*) Who is he, Sir?

Th. I can't very well say, Sir. but I can guess him to be my master.

Cler. Modestus!

Th. Yees, that's my master's name, Sir.

Cler. (*reads*) "The palpitations of a virgin's heart almost deprive my pen of power to say, I will meet you at number seventeen, as you desire." *Th.*

Th. (*aside*) That's lucky. I knows were it is.

Cler. "Virtue will be my guard; decorum my pioneer: except the escort of these two, I will, as you wish it to be so, come alone.---Oh Sir! let delicacy of conduct moderate your behaviour at our first meeting."——Psha! some nonsensical assignation of a chambermaid. [*Gives back the letter to Tho.*

'Sdeath, these fellows are in league to trifle with me, while my mind is full of the most anxious concern. I will venture once more to Burly's house,---Fanny *must* know something of the wanderer; yet she carries it so smoothly--Oh woman, woman! Who can develope the mazes of your inclinations, your artifices, your enchantments! [*Exit Cler.*

Th. Well, now I do know enough for Squire Frederick. [*Lounge returns.*

Dang it, Mr. Lounge, I be glad to see you alive—I thought Mr. Clermont had killed you, as you talk'd of.

Lou. Killed me!

Th. You talked of challenging him, and I overheard him say he had a slight wound himself, and had pierced you to the heart. Eh! eh, you looks main fresh after your death wound.

Lou. The wound, Thomas, is in my honor, which *you* cannot understand in the country——

Th. Honour! sure as life, I donnot think nothing about *be*. I does, as they says some greater volk than I does, I lays my honour fairly asleep, and only thinks how to keep a good place when I've got it---and a main good place I ha' got---old master pays me for keeping his secrets, and young master pays me for telling them, so I don't know how it is, not I, I be paid o' both sides.

Lou. And which of the two pays best?

Th. Oh, the young one of course.

Lou. Then of course you tell more secrets than you keep. *Tho.*

Tb. Yes, that's o'course too. Now I'll go and tell young one the contents of this letter to old one.

Lou. (*affectedly*) D'ye want me to read it for you?

Tb. Thank ye, Mr. Lounge; your master ha' done that for me without axing. This is the way: When one wants a helping hand at any thing of mischief, I don't know how 'tis, but one ha' seldom need to look long for it.

Lou. Plague on it, Thomas, your clumsy ignorance is of more use than all my elegance and cleverness.

[*Exit Lou. and Tho.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Mrs. GOODLY and LAURA.

Mrs. G. Never to enter her father's door again! poor girl! how does she support it?

Lau. She returned overcome with melancholy; but I heard her just now playing on my lute in this room—a proof, I hope, that the violence of her grief is abated. See, here she comes.

Enter JULIA.

Mrs. G. Well, my dear Miss Julia, I have heard of Mr. Burly's severity; but take comfort; if you must not return to your own house, you shall never want a friend in mine. I am glad to see you smile.

Jul. Shall I tell you the wild project I have been forming?

Mrs. G. Mercy on me! more wild projects?

Jul. I have been contriving how I may still have access to my father's house, and perhaps find a return to honour.

Mrs. G. But what hope have you that Mr. Burly will ever admit you again?

Jul. For the retrieval of character something may be risked; when I can vindicate that, my father will open his arms to receive me.

Mrs. G. Ah, my dear, you don't know to what extremity

extremity a parent, who thinks his authority contemned, will carry resentment.

Jul. Such a parent is not mine—under an impetuous temper he conceals a kind and gentle heart, which will never close against the affliction of a daughter; 'tis true, my project is a wild one.

Mrs. G. What do you mean?

Jul. To disguise myself as a man, and to be by your means introduced as a stranger to my own home, as a visitor; an acquaintance of Col. Gaylove, or of Algernon—

Mrs. G. Bless me, child! you astonish me! And what will you pass for?

Jul. An unfeeling fine gentleman.

Lau. An unfeeling gentleman! That is a character out of nature.

Jul. It has been pretty common of late;—among those who visited at my father's house, I have seen some, whose only pretensions to his company were their clothes; equally deficient in the learning of a college, and the politeness of a court; who avow no passion but gaming, and no regard but for their horses; to whom, while the lower ranks advance daily in the estimation of society, a coarseness of expression, clumsiness of manners, and rudeness of behaviour, in short, a total destitution of all gentility, leave no claim but to disgust.

Lau. And how do you hope to imitate a character like this?

Jul. I am sure of not mistaking my part—'tis only to stoop my shoulders, fix my eyes, take no notice of any thing I see—except it be a horse—jostle every one I meet, particularly if they are weaker than myself, take out my watch and yawn in company, turn on my heel, and laugh loud in proportion as I lack discourse. These are the ingredients, by the right use of which I will observe, unobserved, and watch some happy moment favourable to my design.

Mrs.

Mrs. G. And is not there something more in this scheme, than the desire of seeing your father?

Ful. Let me own I have another hope, that, could I once again meet Mr. Clermont, which in my own character I dare not, I might convince him of the injustice of his conduct to me.

Lau. And then?

Ful. Then—oh, then—

Mrs. G. Ah, my dear child! I see you still love Mr. Clermont—

Ful. Till the late discovery, I loved him beyond all others in the world, and could I hope that I might still reclaim him——

Mrs. G. My poor child, pray Heaven you may succeed!

Ful. I am sure I shall—I was not born to be an outcast from society, or to pass my days in shame.—Indeed, Mrs. Goodly, I was not; something in my heart assures me I deserve a kinder fate.

Mrs. G. Well, my dear girl, I can furnish you with a wardrobe, which was left here some time since by a young lodger. Some of the suits have never been worn.

Ful. That is lucky---I might otherwise, in the full display of my borrowed plumes, have chanced to meet the owner of them---and when will you introduce me to my old acquaintance?

Mrs. G. To day. But are you sure you have spirits for such an enterprize.

Ful. My spirits I am desirous to keep with me—they are the best friends of the unfortunate---Alas! the melancholy days and sleepless nights that I have passed, too plainly teach me that the happiness of my life is at stake, and that this is my last resource.

A I R. (*Written by a Lady.*)

I rise with the morn, I contemplate the sun,

Aurora's bright lustre I see;

I sigh with regret, when the day-light is gone,

For night brings no solace to me.

I wander

*I wander in groves, where the nightingales sing,
I traverse the sands of the sea;
They hear not my sighs, so no comfort they bring,
For what can bring comfort to me!*

[Exit Julia and Laura.]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mr. Burly is below, Madam.

Mrs. G. Mr. Burly! shew him up. *[Exit Servant.]*

Enter BURLY.

Bur. Mrs. Goodly, I am come to give you a little trouble.

Mrs. G. I shall never look on your commands, Sir, in that light.

Bur. I think I have been of some service to you in the world.

Mrs. G. I owe every thing to you, Sir——

Bur. Your first advancement in life originated in my family.

Mrs. G. This recital of your kindness, Sir, implies reproach---I trust, Sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your favour.

Bur. Mrs. Goodly, I was only going to add, that I hope you will not refuse *me* a favour.

Mrs. G. I shall be but too happy, Sir, in thinking it in my power to oblige you (*aside*)—he must have discovered Julia——

Bur. I'll tell you, Mrs. Goodly——You must know, my house is frequented by a pack of young fellows—but first I must tell you, *that* little Gipsy Julia was with me this morning according to your request—she has nothing to boast of in consequence, except tears, which she shed in plenty.

Mrs. G. (*aside.*) So! it cannot be that. We are all safe.

Bur. A little insinuating devil! (*angrily.*)—yet (*softened*) if you think you can keep the girl from further harm—I would not have her endangered by

G

want

want—you understand me, Mrs. Goodly—let it appear to come from you---I will not be supposed to encourage such doings under my roof—oh! a young—but to the point—you know I have another daughter.

Mrs. G. Nothing, I hope, Sir, has happened to her.

Bur. No; and it is my intention to prevent any thing *happening*, as you call it. To be plain with you, Mrs. Goodly, I do not like all these young fellows about my house, and yet I cannot creditably forbid their coming—Fanny, I believe, is a good girl---yet I think that they all laugh at me behind my back.—

Mrs. G. Surely not, Sir.

Bur. Well—I have a mind to know if they do or not. I understand that some of them lodge at your house, and that they frequently assemble here. Now, don't you think, Mrs. Goodly, that some evening, when they are all together, you could contrive to place me in an adjoining room, while *you* turn their conversation to the subject of my daughters?

Mrs. G. Listeners, you know, Sir, seldom hear much to please them.

Bur. Zounds, woman! do not provoke me—I am bent on it.

Mrs. G. Dear me, Sir!

Bur. Only tell me if you will assist me—If you do not chuse—(*angrily*)

Mrs. G. Grant me a moment's reflection, Sir, before I answer you (*aside*)—I had better follow Julia's scheme.—Suppose, Sir, I could find the means for you to talk to these young sparks yourself?

Bur. Eh!

Mrs. G. What think you of my lending you some of my clothes, and introducing you as one of my acquaintance?

Bur. What! old Burly in petticoats!

Mrs.

Mrs. G. This would be the easiest, as well as the safest method.

Bur. Eh! let me see—there is something ridiculous in my wearing petticoats—I don't dislike the scheme neither—but—d'ye think I can make myself look like a woman?

Mrs. G. Never fear, leave that concern to me.

Bur. I'm afraid I strut too much in my walk.

Mrs. G. You need not rise from your chair.

Bur. Not rise from my chair! If my passion once begins to mount, I shall spring up like the cork of a spruce beer bottle; besides, I have such a confounded trick of swearing—that will certainly discover me.

Mrs. G. You must not swear.

Bur. Zounds! woman, how shall I prevent it?

Mrs. G. Whenever you feel an oath rising, you must be careful to keep your lips close shut, till you find you have swallowed it down again.

Bur. Swallow it down! Hark ye, Mrs. Goodly—cannot you, whenever you perceive me in danger of swearing—cannot you make me a sign?

Mrs. G. Certainly; an admirable thought—I'll give you a nod, or put my finger—so—to my mouth.

Bur. Aye, do so—and d'ye hear? you may make a sign from time to time, whether you see me in want of it or not—there will be no danger of its being much out of season.

Mrs. G. I'll be on the watch, depend upon it.

Bur. Invite the young fellows this evening to your room.

Mrs. G. I will, Sir, and all shall be in readiness.

Bur. Thank ye, thank ye; we could not have managed this better—remember, (*going*) a nod.

Mrs. G. I'll not forget, Sir.

Bur. Your finger on your mouth.

Mrs. G. Depend on me.

Bur. Once every five minutes at least. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—*An Apartment in Burly's House, fitted up with Books, &c.*

ALGERNON and FANNY.

Alg. CRUEL Fanny!

Fan. So! I am cruel Fanny, and charming Fanny, all in one breath; upon my word nothing is more diverting than a grave lover.

Alg. And nothing more tormenting than a gay mistress.

Fan. Truly, I believe we are even with each other—you love to divert *me*, and I to torment *you*, and, it seems, we are both successful; but what is become of this young spark, whom you were to introduce to me?

Alg. I am now vex'd that I made the appointment. I have business which makes it impossible for me to wait, and then——

Fan. And then he will be here without you—and then you will be jealous—you deserve it for appointing him here, without asking my leave.

Alg. I could not avoid it without shewing myself more particularly interested about you than you wish me to appear. He expressed so great a desire
to

to see you, and Mrs. Goodly spoke so highly of him!—

Fan. Very well, I'll make him repent it—If he has an unfortified place in his heart, I'll lodge a detachment in it within a quarter of an hour.

Alg. Adieu! I do not suspect you. [*Exit Alg.*]

Fan. Adieu!—I wonder I have heard nothing from Julia; Mrs. Goodly has, no doubt, received her; and with a warm heart, I dare say—(*a knock at the door*) Here comes my new acquaintance, I suppose, it will be a curious introduction—Hark! no—'tis Clermont's voice; what would I give I had said I was not at home! always with the same smiling gaiety! oh! I could tear his eyes out, but I must still dissemble. [*walks up the stage and takes a book.*]

Enter CLERMONT.

Cler. What, studious, Miss Fanny?

Fan. I was reading, as you fine gentlemen do, without thinking—

Cler. Of their books, I grant you, while their heads are full of fine women like yourself.

Fan. Prettily turned indeed!—do you mean a compliment to me?

Cler. Nay, you know I have always said the same, both of you and your sister Julia—

Fan. (*aside*) Insolent! I cannot speak to him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, a gentleman below says he comes by appointment to meet Mr. Algernon—

Fan. Shew him up directly—this is lucky. (*aside*) Mr. Clermont, you shall see a new acquaintance of mine, a friend of Algernon's—

Cler. Some philosophical moralist, I presume, as full of saws and grave sentences as a child's primmer.

Fan. Here he comes, judge for yourself—

Enter

Enter JULIA dressed as a modern fine Gentleman, and advancing conceitedly—starts at entrance.

Jul. (aside) Clermont with my sister! good courage bring me off! *(she takes a near-sighted glass, with which she approaches Fanny)* Oh—there you are—I presume you are Miss Fanny. *looks round without taking any notice of Clermont* Where is Algernon?

Fan. He left me, Sir, a few minutes since—he was much concerned that——

Jul. Oh—no matter—It's enough, you know he was to have introduced me—You like me, I dare swear, at the first glance—and I *(glances at Fanny through her glass)* like you—Algernon tells me, you are the most entertaining, whimsical, capricious girl in Europe.

Fan. Did Algernon tell you this, Sir?

Jul. His very words—Miss Fanny, says he, is—

Fan. You may spare the repetition, Sir—In one point, you'll soon allow him to be mistaken.

Jul. What! you are not whimsical, are you?

Fan. Not entertaining.

Jul. What, vapours to day? head-ach? nervous? oh—no remedy like the conversation of us fine fellows—you see we are friends already. [*Clermont looks at Julia with disgust.*]

Fan. You think lightly of friendship, Sir——

Jul. Ah, there I have you—you're sentimental. Now if you love me, no sentiment—sentiment does vastly well for girls from fourteen to fifteen—'Tis a pretty play-thing that comes next after their dolls—but, past that age, 'pon my word, a boy leaving any of our great schools would not give you credit for it.

Cler. (with contempt) So forward a judgment in these boys might chance to surprize their fathers.

Jul.

Jul. That is nothing strange; many a boy is a surprize altogether to the father—besides, life is now a-days such an entirely new thing, that he must be a parent of uncommon discernment, who knows his son or daughter again, after six weeks absence, by any thing but their bills—What! I have shocked your dear sentimental soul. (*to Fanny*)

Fan. I own, Sir, you seem to give defiance to sentiment of every description.

Jul. There you have me—I will back my apathy against your feelings for a thousand—sentiment only makes *you* mopish—Now *I* never refused a meal's meat in my life. There is Will Whip and I—there are not two better fellows, or stauncher friends any where—I would swing a gate open for him, let the hounds be running how they would---and so would he for me—yet we contribute to one-anothers ruin at play, with all the carelessness of a school boy on the eve of vacation—Do you ride?

Fan. (*aside*) Mercy on me!---you are a sportsman, I presume, Sir.

Jul. We had an uncommon good run yesterday—quite famous—the hounds threw off at four in the morning; after trying the goss cover some time without use, found and unkennelled a fox—Reynard broke cover in view with four or five couple at his brush;—made a point for the woods—turned and crossed the river at Shatterford, and the road at Breakneck Point—passed the high house on the left—pointed down the warren, and broke to the right through Rattlegrove bounds, was close pressed, bolted, and took to the meadows of Marshy Park—broke cover at the upper part, and crossed the heath to Hangtail Gun—there my swift hound Beagle turned him---he was headed back---checked in an enclosure, and killed under the win low of the first sportsman in the kingdom, after a hard run of four hours and ten minutes
—only

---only two horses in with the hounds---the one rode by Will Whip, and the other that which carried your very humble Servant and fast rider--- Just as we were dismounting to cut the brush, poor Will Whip--- I thought I should have died with laughing---fell and broke his collar bone.

Fan. (aside) I'll leave this creature with Clermont--- I really, Sir, find myself too unwell to cope with your good spirits---with your leave (*going*)—

Jul. Oh! now you're whimsical—your servant—no ceremony——

Fan. You will excuse—

Jul. Be off, I tell you, do not mind us—bye, bye— [*Exit Fanny.*] So, I have fairly driven my sister off the field, and have now the opportunity I so much wished—I tremble most, when I have most need of courage—— [*She continues looking after*

Fanny, her back turned towards Clermont.

Cler. What, is this fellow left on my hands?

Jul. (aside) I shall never be able to speak to him.

Cler. You seem rivetted, Sir—In admiration, I presume.

Jul. (summoning courage, but confused) Yes, I was looking at—I do not know what I was looking at—a very pretty girl, faith—is she the only one of the family?

Cler. She had a sister.—

Jul. Aye—I have heard something of her—a giddy run-a-way for love or folly—women are full of both—prithee, whom did she run away with?

Cler. A vile wretch, wholly unworthy of her.

Jul. Eh! what! she was a fine girl, was she?

Cler. As handsome as an angel.

Jul. But—weak?

Cler. Her understanding and her heart were such as the jest of a coxcomb has never been able to asperse. (*contemptuously*)

Jul.

Ful. That heart of her's, I warrant, would be in a strange flutter, if she could hear us talking of her.

Cler. (*with emotion*) If she could hear us!

Ful. Do you wish she could, Mr. Clermont?

Cler. I wish, Sir! (*aside*) Heaven's! the confusion of my mind will betray me to this fellow. (*walks up the stage.*)

Ful. (*raising her voice*) Well, when I see her next.

Cler. (*turns eagerly round*) Did you ever see her, Sir?

Ful. (*with seriousness*) When I beheld her, she did not complain—she did not reproach with faithlessness the man to whom she had confided her honor and her love—but the roses were faded on her cheek—her eye was sunk, and the paleness of despairing sadness began to settle on her brow.

Cler. In the name of Heaven, Sir, what do you mean? did Julia Burly look thus?

Ful. Julia Burly? oh! no—I beg your pardon, Sir, I am subject to these fits of absence—I was thinking of a poor unfortunate girl, whom I once enticed from her happy home, and made as miserable—as myself.

Cler. It was the work of a villain—but *you* perhaps, fortunately made atonement for the injury——

Ful. Faith, I made none—for she died—and the silly physicians said her heart was broken. (*with levity*) For my part I was glad when she was gone.

Cler. Glad, Sir!

Ful. Certainly, Sir.—Why, if a poor stray lamb had run for refuge to your arms, and, instead of the kind shelter it looked for, you had driven it out to be the brutal sport of cruelty, while you beheld it feebly expiring, could you enjoy its agonies?

Cler. Psha! (*aside*) This the puppy learned from Algernon——

Ful. (*observing Clermont disturbed*) But what troubles you so much, Sir? (*affects mirth*) as sure as I am a man,

H

you

you were in love with this Julia, and some impertinent interloper has carried her away from you——

Cler. I never was deserv'ing of her.

Jul. Nay, nay, any man whom nature has not disfigured, whose heart is open, and conscience clear, may deserve the love of a pretty woman—and I will answer for it, the women are of my mind. Well, there is one satisfaction—that, if Julia be a girl of spirit, and the man, in whom she first confided, behave basely to her, then——

Cler. (eagerly) What then, Sir?

Jul. Then she will serve to adorn the triumph of every prosperous fool, who seeks to torture and insult her. What should then prevent *you*, or *me*, from treating her as we please? you know she can have no one to take her part——

Cler. No, not one (*agitated*) no, not one.

Jul. When she has no longer parents, to befriend her, resources to maintain her, or hope to support her; when the only person, who could vindicate her honor to the world, is the deserter and betrayer of it——

Cler. You are moral, Sir——

Jul. Moral! do you mean to affront me, Sir.

Cler. (turns away) Oh, conscience! conscience!—I shall run mad.

Jul. (aside—observing Clermont with great emotion.) I can support this no longer—he suffers and loves me still. Mr. Clermont—good morning to you—(*affects gaiety, but trembles.*) I am glad we spoke on this subject, that I might laugh you out of it—out of your concern about it—ha, ha, ha, good morning, Sir.—(*going.*)

Cler. Hold Sir, you misunderstand me——

Jul. No, Heaven forbid!—no, understanding is my forte, and if your brain and spirits equal mine,
there

there are two clever heads—and light hearts—now taking leave of one another. Your servant, Sir. [*Exit.*

Cler. (alone) Confusion! am I become a jelling mark to every coxcomb who is inclined to vent his impertinence? How contemptible an animal must I be, whose conduct appears shocking to so insensible a mind as this butterfly professed to have!—Oh Fool! Fool!—But Julia shall not escape me—I will overtake her—speak to her—convince her—of what?—That I am a wretch capable of trespassing on virtue, and awake only to shame. [*Exit Clermont.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Mrs. Goodly's House, with a Door of an inner Room open. Table and Chairs.

Enter FREDERICK.

So, now I have the licence safely in my pocket, we'll see, my dear reasonable father, which of us two will be married first.—I recollect that this closet leads to Laura's room—I'll try my fortune that way——
(*goes into the inner room.*)

(*Enter BETTY to the edge of the Stage, turns and speaks as to some one without.*)

Bet. You may walk up if you please, the coast is clear. [*Exit.*

(*Frederick returning from the inner Room, overhears Betty, and sees her go out*)

Fred. Not so clear as you think, Mrs. Betty,—the door of that room is locked, I must meet the company, there is no other way—Eh! (*goes to the side scenes, hift! Betty?*)

Betty (without) There is no one there, I promise you, Madam.

H 2

Fred.

Fred. What can all these assurances of Betty mean? Egad, I may hurt the poor girl, if she is found in a lie.—Eh! What shall I do? I must even stay here in the closet, to save Betty's credit.

[Goes into the inner room, and shuts the door.]

Enter VICTORIA, attended by BETTY, who places the chairs at the table and exit.

Vic. Well! Would any one have believed, that the heart of a virgin, like myself, could have summoned courage for this situation! Bless me, to meet a man alone! An entire stranger, except by correspondence! But I remember the poet says

Love first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some captive lover, or some *blushing maid*.—

No indecorum——no, I shall positively insist on it; some trifling liberty,—perhaps a salute at parting—

Fred. (*looks out from the inner room*) What can all this mean?

Vic. Yet, a man in the prime of life!—If he should offer to be rude, I should be in such a flutter! Hark! I hear a noise on the stairs—how shall I receive him? I must think of an attitude.—

MAXIM appears at the side scene, speaks as he enters.

Max. Leave me here, and keep my chair waiting below.

Fred. My father, and as sure as the wind that blows, an old Dutch ninety come from the Nore by advertisement!

Formal salutations and ceremonies between Maxim and Victoria. Maxim advances on his crutches, and goes towards a chair.

Max. Madam, your very humble servant.

Vic. (*Curtseys, aside*) Bless me, who can this be?

Max.

Max. You must allow me to sit down, Madam.

Vic. (aside) I am so confused, I do not know what to do. *(sits.)*

Max. (aside) I feel devilish awkward—

Vic. (aside) What will become of me! This gouty person cannot be the gentleman described; that is clear—

Max. (aside) The lady's confidante probably--- she had more wit than to expose herself to such a foolish situation; well, I shall like her the better for it. *(turns his chair towards Victoria, both appear embarrassed, Maxim makes several attempts to speak)*—I apprehend—Madam— *(aside)* I never felt so like a fool in my life—

Vic. (aside) Perhaps a trusty friend of the gentleman---his guardian, probably—Oh! that I had thought of adopting the same method! It would have been vastly more decorous.

Max. The particular business, Madam----

Vic. Sir---

Max. The particular cause, I say, Madam, of my coming here to day, I apprehend you are perfectly acquainted with.---

Vic. I cannot say, Sir—let me desire you to be a little more particular—

Max. (aside) Zounds, what a hurry she is in! I imagine you know, Madam, that I came here to a meeting appointed by—by—

Vic. By correspondence, Sir.

Max. Just so, Madam, by correspondence.

Vic. Signature Modestus—

Max. The same.—So, thank God, the ice is broke. This mode of forming an acquaintance, Madam, which I prefer, because it is the most prudent, and the most conducive to real happiness, is yet so apt to be ridiculed by the thoughtless part of the world,

world, that one cannot be too cautious to whom one entrusts one's confidence.

Vic. Certainly, Sir, nor proceed with too much delicacy.

Max. The observation, Madam, does you honour. (*Vic. bows*) The young lady, I suppose, Madam, could not prevail on herself to expose her blushes to the sight of a stranger.

Vic. Young lady, Sir?

Max. Well,---well---the lady---the lady.

Vic. I do not understand whom you mean, Sir.---

Max. Oh yes, you guess, I believe.---She has, doubtless, made choice of you, because, from the gravity of your appearance, as well as your age——

Vic. Age! (*much confused*) Sir---Sir---if my appearance,---if my looks, Sir, do not convince you, you may find by the parish register, if you please to consult it, that my age does not exceed, nay, is rather under that which was specified.

Max. Specified, Madam!

Vic. Yes, Sir, did not I say between thirty and forty?

Max. Your age, Madam!---Are you the lady Amanda?

Vic. (*affectedly.*) You recal my blushes by compelling me to confess I am Amanda.

Max. You Amanda! It must have been in a dictionary of your own that you found yourself out by that name.

Fred. (*who has listened*) Well said, father!

Max. Madam, I am extremely concerned that this mistake——

Vic. No mistake at all, Sir---there is no mistake in the matter.

Max. Pardon me, Madam, here is the greatest mistake of all, which is, that—I believe the shortest method is to confess that I had formed a very different idea of the person who was to answer the description in the paper.

Vic.

Vic. Oh, monstrous! To confute you at once, I am sorry, Sir, I have not the description about me—

Max. You have very little of the description about you, that is certain.

Vic. Had Modestus, Sir, had the sense of honour to meet me in person, as I own I expected——

Max. Why, pray, Madam, whom else do you take me for?

Vic. Oh mercy, you Modestus!

Max. Aye, who should be, if I am not?

Vic. Why Sir, did not you say in the advertisement——

Max. Nay, nay, if you think our advertisements are in your favour, for your satisfaction I have them both in my pocket.

Vic. Oh Sir, I have *your* description, Sir, here it is—

Max. Mighty well, Ma'am—we shall soon see who has endeavored to impose on the other. Now Ma'am.
(*Both take newspapers from their pockets, and spectacles*)

Vic. Don't you tell me, Sir, first of all, that you are a gentleman in the prime of life, of a good figure? Observe that, of a good figure.

Max. (*rising*) And pray, who makes a better figure—upon crutches?

Vic. Of engaging manners?

Max. Well, Ma'am, what have you to object to my manners?

Vic. Truly nothing, Sir; for, since you oblige me to speak, I think you have no manners at all, Sir. Then, that you are of a sweet temper—

Max. (*peevish*) So I am---

Vic. Sound judgment----rational conduct—

Max. No, thole I give up, because I have been made such a dupe in this instance.

Vic. A dupe, Sir! I cannot conceive what you mean.

Max

Max. No? you shall hear then—[*locking in another paper.*]

Vic. Aye, let me hear—let me hear!

Max. You shall, Madam, but stay a moment.
(*Reads.*) “First, as to person—” In person neither tall or short----

Vic. To be sure; I am of the middle size.

Max. Yes, for a whale, or the cupola of a Cathedral—I would not engage to walk round you in a quarter of an hour.

Vic. (*with a sneer*) On crutches, Sir?

Max. I’ll go on, if you please—an engaging presence—

Vic. (*with affected bashfulness*) Oh, Sir—

Max. Middle age—(*looks at her*) to be sure, if you call yourself of a middle size, in the same mode of reckoning you are probably of a middle age—

Vic. The advertisement said, moreover, that you were a gentleman——

Max. It said, that you had a good-natured countenance.

Vic. That your behaviour was delicate [*raises her voice.*]

Max. That your voice was gentle.

Both. (*together*) That you—[*They look angrily without speaking to each other.*]

Vic. I can endure this no longer—you have deceived me, Sir—you have betrayed the easy faith of a virgin—but, let me fly—[*Runs hastily to the door of the inner Room, which Fred. closes and retires---Vic. pushes it open and discovers Fred.*] Oh! discovered! betrayed!

Max. Eh, what the devil’s the matter? my son! (*to Fred.*) how dare you, Sir?

Vic. Oh, fie! fie! Is this a return for the confidence which an innocent maid reposed in you? Oh,
let

let me never—never believe a man, or an advertisement again as long as I live! [*Exit Victoria.*]

Fred. Good voyage to you, old lady! [*Maxim and Frederick continue to look at each other—Fred. affecting to be afraid—and Max. really ashamed to speak—a pause.*]

Max. Now, Sir, what have you to say? How came you here?

Fred. Dear father, you know I cannot deceive you—I came here to see the girl of my heart, whom I wish to marry; I have the license in my pocket, but I should be loth to use it without your consent.

Max. That's reasonable—and hark'ye, Frederick, your dutiful behaviour to your father teaches him a duty he owes to you. I shall not be ashamed to learn from a brave and virtuous son how to make myself respectable, because—but how, the devil, came you to be listening in the closet?

Fred. (*stifling a laugh*) Listening, Sir? I protest, I was ——

Max. What was you?

Fred. I was come, Sir—as I told you, Sir—

Max. To embarrass your father; to ridicule me.

Fred. No, no.

Max. Then I insist on knowing, how you came to be listening—

Fred. Well then, Sir—if you will first answer me a question.

Max. What's that, Sir?

Fred. What did the old lady mean, Sir, by saying, that she would never believe a man, or an advertisement again, as long as she lived?

Max. What's that to you?

Fred. Nothing to me, certainly, Sir—besides, Sir, the—propriety of your conduct—

Max. I see the young dog is laughing at me——

I

Fred.

Fred. The soundness of your judgment—

Max. Oh, you wicked boy!

Fred. The delicacy of your behaviour—

Max. Away, you varlet! (*drives out Frederick, who goes off laughing*) I recal my consent, because—because I will find what reason he had to be listening in the closet.

[*Exit Maxim.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE *Gaylove's Apartment—a Table with Wine, &c. at which are seated CLERMONT, GAYLOVE, ALGERNON, and other Gentlemen.*

Gay. A PLAGUE on love and courtship! they have extinguished every spark of mirth within thee, Clermont: and yet methinks, thou might'st be merry, now thy mistress is run away.

Alg. How so, Gaylove?

Gay. Thus—A man's mistress, who runs away, must either run to him or from him, and, o'my conscience, I think one as happy a cure for love as the other.

Alg. Come, come, you are too severe on Clermont—did I think him capable of wronging Julia Burly, instead of drinking *her* health, I would drink to *his* absence.

Cler. Why so? am not I at liberty, like others, to pursue my inclinations?

Alg. Pardon me; a young fellow, with your pleasant qualities, good sense, good breeding, and good person, to allow all these no better occupation than that of panders to appetite—fie! fie!

Gay. Prithee, man, what use should he make of such advantages?

Alg. Some more honourable one, than the ruin of an artless girl.

Cler. Algernon, I do not understand you—you have no charge of this kind, I am certain, to fix on me, nor do I see, why this discourse is address'd to me.

Alg. What offends you, if you are innocent?

Cler. If I am innocent! (*rises*) who is the person that shall call me to account in this manner?

Gay. Come, come, peace, lads! Algernon does not mean to offend you, Clermont. [*Gaylove and Algernon rise.*]

Alg. I have said nothing to offend any honest man.

Cler. Again! Sir, Sir —

Gay. Why so warm, Clermont? upon my honour Algernon is in the right.

Cler. How in the right?

Gay. That it would be a shame for such handsome fellows as thyself to take the pains to debauch a woman regularly—that's a task for ugly ones—It were unnecessary to climb the tree with a ladder, when the fruit will of itself drop into our mouths. [*A servant enters and whispers Gaylove.*]

Alg. I do not believe, in this case, that the fruit dropp'd of itself.

Gay. Come, Gentlemen, here is a better way of settling this dispute. The good lady of the house has sent to invite me and my company to tea—she has a female visitor, to whom she wishes to introduce us. Some young heiress perhaps.---What say ye? shall we go for half an hour?

Alg. With all my heart.

Cler. And mine.

Gay. Tell Mrs. Goodly we will wait on her. (*Exit Servant*) But first, another glass in friendship, and the catch of the Justice——What's the toast?

Alg. Prithee, no more—we have drank enough.

Gay. That won't do for a toast, man. Come, I'll give

give you Frederick's toast; (*fills his glass*) May every true hearted girl find a friend and protector in the man she loves!
[Drinks——all ditto.]

G L E E.

*Around the old oak, right jolly and gay,
We'll fill out a glass to the Sun's last ray;
With laughter, and glee, we'll wear out the day,
And jolly we'll be, till the owl flies away.*

Ti whit! ti whoo!

*He's flown, hark! hark! before 'tis dark.
Come, fill up your glass, our catches we'll troul,
'Till the Justice goes home as wise as the owl.*

Wise, wise!

*What makes thee so wond'rous wise?
My large bushy wig, and my little pig's eyes,
And that makes me so wond'rous wise.*

Gay. Now, Gentlemen, to tea. [All rise and go out, singing the last lines of the glee.]

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Mrs. Goodly's House.

Enter JULIA (*still in man's clothes*) and MRS. GOODLY.

Jul. Is my father come?

Mrs. G. Aye, and has brought as many swords and pistols with him, as if he were going to a battle --- We must be careful to prevent disputes.

Jul. There is no danger, except of laughter---His dress entitles him to the privilege of its wearers, and, thank heaven, duelling is one of the few achievements which, in the modern rivalry of the sexes, we have left entirely to the men---but will the gentlemen come?

Mrs. G.

Mrs. G. Your new friends were all dining together, at Col. Gaylove's, and I sent to request that they would come and drink tea with me. Do you stay here and entertain them, while I step and see if Mr. Burly has finished his toilet.

Jul. Very well! (*exit Mrs. G.*) (*Julia looks out at side Scene*) Heavens! Clermont and Algernon angry and disputing! what can be their meaning! [*Retires to observe.*]

Enter ALGERNON and CLERMONT. (both apparently in great warmth.)

Cler. A moment, Algernon—The insinuations you have cast on me to day, I neither understand from you, nor will endure from any man——

Alg. Clermont, I scorn to disguise my thoughts—What name does he deserve, who has betrayed the innocent Julia? [*Julia listens with emotion.*]

Cler. That of a villain.

Alg. I am glad we are agreed---you have given me suspicions, which, from the friendship that has subsisted between us, I most heartily wish you may be able to remove.

Cler. I am neither accustomed to submit my conduct to the examination of others, or myself to an explanation of it---tomorrow morning, I shall expect you at——

Alg. Hold! I agree to no necessity of fighting, unless——

Cler. (interrupting him) Unless you prefer the contempt which want of courage brings with it——

Alg. Clermont, Heaven is my witness, no one could have broken the ties that bound you to my heart, except yourself---name your place.

Cler. Hyde Park, near the ring, at six.

Alg. I will be punctual---but before we meet again,
think

think on what has passed! (*Exit Alg.*) *Clermont remains a few moments silent and confused—Julia observes him with great agitation.*

Cler. This was all that was wanting. I endeavoured to debase the woman whom I adored, and, when her injured virtue calls forth one honest defender, I prepare to pierce the bosom of my friend! is this the register of a life of gaiety? think!--I had rather meet the Devil than my own thoughts.

[*Gaylove is heard without, bringing back Algernon, Julia advances on the opposite side.*

Enter GAYLOVE and ALGERNON.

Gay. Nay, nay, you shall come back.

Jul. Well met, Gentlemen.

Cler. This fellow here again!

Gay. What, courting among the women?

Jul. Among the women, I grant—but not courting—I never yet saw a woman worth my courting—

Gay. What is the meaning of this invitation from Mrs. Goodly?

Jul. That I can inform you—she expects a lady, whom she says you may have heard of at Mr. Burly's—a distant relation of the family—who formerly had the care of Miss Fanny's education, and is still so great a favourite, that, if we would know which of us has Fanny's heart, she is the fortune-teller who can discover it to us—

Alg. Really!

Gay. Upon my word as kind an undertaking as could be thought of by any procuress in London.

Jul. Come, Gentlemen, Mrs. Goodly is expecting us— [*Exit Julia, followed by Gaylove, Clermont, and Algernon.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Apartment with Tea-Table—MR. BURLY dressed in a formal antiquated female Apparel, is discovered seated in an Arm-Chair near the table—MRS. GOODLY stands at his side, while two servants wheel his Chair forward—JULIA, CLERMONT, GAYLOVE and ALGERNON, appear as just entering the Room.

Mrs. G. Mrs. Deborah, here are none but friends, who, if not your acquaintance by sight, are so at least by name——

Bur. The Gentlemen, Mrs. Goodly, will excuse my being seated---cold and rheumatism are foes that lay siege to old age. (*coughs*)

Gay. All times of life are subject to accident---but let me die, if I should think you better acquainted with age, Madam, than any of us all—your looks at least——

Bur. Oh, dear Sir! (*aside to Mr. Goodly*) an impudent dog! [*Mrs. Goodly makes signs to Burly, to prevent his swearing, as they had agreed.*

Gay. What say you, Gentlemen? did you ever see a more blooming appearance after thirty, or thirty five, which I presume Mrs. Deborah has hardly passed?

Bur. Aye, Sir, past seventy. It is eighteen years, since I took charge of Miss Fanny—I hope the young dogs do not scent me, (*aside to Mrs. Goodly who repeats signs*). Upon my word, Mrs Goodly, if Miss Fanny may choose from such handsome gentlemen as these—do you know that I—(*aside to Mrs. Goodly*) could hang them all with pleasure (*Mrs. Goodly repeats signs, &c. At every access of passion, Burly appears in act to rise up from his chair, but is restrained by Mrs. Goodly's signs.*

Gay. What does Mrs. Deborah say?

Mrs. G.

Mrs. G. That she shall see her married with pleasure—the usual fondness of us old women, who never think our nurslings happy, till they are disposed of in marriage.

Bur. (*affecting a cough*) Shall I venture (*to Gaylove*) to speak a good word for you, Sir? (*aside.*) so now I shall try them.

Gay. My dear Madam, I am infinitely obliged to you; but the marriage of a soldier, whose head and revenue may be struck off at a blow, is only a receipt to fill the world with distressed widows, and poor orphans.

Bur. (*looks angry—Mrs. Goodly makes signs to him, &c.*) Are you too (*to Julia*) in the army, Sir?

Jul. No, Madam; but, if I were, it would be with me the best argument for matrimony—I should set down bullets and cannon balls among the valuable chances for the recovery of liberty.

Bur. (*aside*) A pretty set of fellows I take into my house.—(*Mrs. Goodly makes signs, &c.*) I presume, Sir; (*to Clermont*) that is your way of thinking——

Gay. Nay, we cannot recommend a better step to Clermont, who, as he has the credit of having privately borrowed one of the sisters, (*Burly enraged*) may pay his debts to the family by giving his estates to the other. (*Clermont turns away in disgust.*)

Bur. It is Clermont, then, who has been the ruin of my honor—the dog! I'll murder him. (*sees Mrs. Goodly earnestly making signs, &c.*) So—so—I had like to have discovered myself.

Jul. (*alarmed, and endeavouring to divert attention from Burly.*) What say you, Algernon? methinks you have the most marrying face in company—

Alg. Aye, If I were an elder brother.

Jul. What, you respect the proverb—poverty at the door, and love out at the window!

Gay. Now, my dear Mrs. Deborah, as the case

seems desperate as to wedlock, what think you of speaking a good word for one of us in an easier way? Miss Fanny would make the prettiest Mistress —

Bur. Don't provoke me—Hell and confusion! *(rises in rage—Mrs. Goodly attempts to pacify him.)* A truce with your signs, Madam—I must out with it—I have swallowed so many oaths already, that they begin to rise in my throat.

Gay. Bless me, Mrs. Goodly, what is the matter with the lady?

Bur. Lady! flesh and blood! don't you know me?—I will teach you all to know me presently.

[Exit hastily.]

Gay. Why, what the deuce is all this? Why, Mrs Goodly——

Mrs. G. Oh, dear Sir, I did not think it would come to this—Oh! here will be mischief—I will run to prevent it if possible *[Exit Mrs. Goodly, Julia accompanies her to the door, but returns at the sight of Burly]*

Enter BURLY, in his proper Dress, with Swords in his hand, and the cloak he has just worn, which he throws down.

Bur. Now, Gentlemen, do you know me now?

Omnes. Mr. Burly! ha! ha! ha!

Bur. Zounds! I'll ha ha ha you. *(to Gaylove)* For you, Sir, you may leave the room—but, Mr. Clermont, I insist on your fighting me, on account of what I have just heard of you and my daughter Julia.

Alg. Mr. Clermont, Sir, is first engaged to meet me on your daughter's account.

Bur. No trifling, Sir—I am an old man 'tis true, but I am grown old in honor, and will bear it unspotted to the grave—the spirit of an injured father will

will call back the strength of youth to punish the insulter of my defenceless child.

Jul. Suffer me to speak one word to you, Sir—

Bur. If it has to do with fighting—not else.

Jul. I would request a word likewise with you, Sir (*to Clermont.*) gentlemen, with your leave—(*to the others who retire and leave the room*)

Bur. With all my heart—you choose to see fair play—come (*to Clermont.*)

Jul. Hold, Sir! it was not for this I separated you from the company—give me that sword, Sir—

Bur. No—no, I will not part with my sword.

Jul. Mr. Clermont, give me leave to ask you a question—

Cler. Me, young gentleman?

Jul. And, as a man of honor, tell me, if you will answer it sincerely—

Cler. Provided it be such as I may with honor answer.

Jul. What sentiments do you entertain of Julia Burly?

Bur. What is that to you, Sir?

Jul. (*to Burly*) I intreat your indulgence for a moment—(*to Clermont*) were Julia the object of any man's honest affections, and that man the bosom friend of Mr. Clermont, I ask him, in the presence of her father, does he so hold her in esteem, that, from conviction of her unblemished honor, he would not think her unworthy the hand of his friend? (*Clermont retires agitated.*)

Bur. Zounds, Sir, this is all very pretty—would you fling my daughter into a fellow's arms, without asking my leave?

Jul. When, Sir, you refused to your daughter the natural refuge of a father's house, you gave her full authority to fling herself away as she pleased.

Bur. (mortified) How, the Devil, does he know that?

Jul. Mr. Clermont, may I expect your answer?

Cler. Though I scarcely know how you have acquired the authority with which you question me, yet, from the singularity of this meeting, and, still more, from the singular state of my own mind, I will answer you, that Julia is worthy, not only of the hand of my friend, but of the homage of the world—but he is no friend of mine, who robs me of all for which I value life.—

Bur. Robs you, Sir?

Cler. I own it—I am the proper object of Mr. Burly's anger. (*Burly angry*) To me your daughter entrusted herself—and I deceived her--- *Burly appears more enraged.* Hold—hold, Sir! your daughter is an angel—as virtuous, and as pure—her honor unshaken and untainted—she scorned the baseness of my mind, and fled from it—but whither? a parent's arms, I fear, were closed against her.

Bur. (affected) Was my poor girl innocent?

(*drops his sword.*)

Jul. She was—she is innocent—authorised by the testimony of the only person, whose accusation she could dread, your rejected daughter dares once more to throw herself at your feet. (*kneels to Burly.*)

Bur. & Cler. Julia!

Cler. Rise, my angelic—

Jul. Hold, Sir! You have declared my innocence, but I kneel here to obtain a father's pardon. In shame and contrition I press the earth, I will never rise from it, but with honour.

Bur. Spoken like a girl of spirit, by Jupiter! But do not imagine that I for—forgive you,—no, you saucy—I cannot help being an old fool,—so, if Clermont still loves you, get you to him, and you shall never hear a word more of what is past. (*Clermont in the mean*

mean time raises Julia, and takes her hand.) If any man dare to utter a syllable against my daughter's conduct, I'll fight him with sword and pistol, as long as I have a hand to hold either.—Lord! Lord! What will Victoria say to this?

Enter FANNY, VICTORIA, and ALGERNON.

Fan. Come, Aunt, I am sure we may go in —
(*to Bur.*) Oh Sir! I have been so frightened!

Bur. No danger, girl, all is settled happily, as Julia will tell you. (*He leads Fanny to Julia — Fanny and Algernon express surprise and pleasure at seeing Julia, they converse together.*) There, Victoria, I have forgiven her.

Vic. Forgiven her, brother!—

MAXIM without.

Max. I insist on going in—because I know my son is in the house, but he shan't throw himself away so, I promise you.

Vic. Oh, Mercy! I know that voice—

Enter MAXIM and Mrs. GOODLY.

Max. I know the dog is here—he is hid in some d—d closet or other, with your daughter.

Mrs. G. My daughter, Sir, shall answer for herself. (*to a servant, Call Laura.*)

Ser. Miss Laura is not in the house, Madam; she went out this afternoon with Captain Maxim. [*Exit.*]

Max. There—there—I told you so.

Vic. What will become of me? (*aside*)

Max. (*seeing Burly.*) A fine piece of work, my dear friend, to be made a fool of by my own son, and this lady's daughter!

Bur. (*having in the mean time conversed with Fanny, laughs, and advances to Max.*) Oh! Oh! Perhaps the young couple is gone off by advertisement—

Max.

Max. Eh! What has the dog told that too?

Bur. What, my reasonable friend!—Was your wife really possessed of all those extraordinary qualities—— in a newspaper?

Max. The match is off, and good reason——

Bur. Off! what were her virtues like those of a quack medicine—not to be found out of the advertisement?

Max. It's off, because ——

Bur. Aye, I warrant there's a reason——

Max. I'll tell you how it happened—don't be hasty—I'll tell you—Because, when we came to a meeting, according to previous notice by advertisement, instead of such a woman, as I had described to you, I found a starch, fat, clumsy, overgrown——

[Turning round as he speaks, observes *Victoria*.]

Bur. What's the matter? don't mind my sister *Victoria*—Odsso, I recollect you two are not acquainted—Sister, this is Sir Marmaduke Maxim; Sir Marmaduke, my sister. (*introducing them to each other*) (*Maxim and Victoria bow and look confused*) Well, go on—a great, clumsy, overgrown—well—well—(*a pause*)

Fan. (*aside*) It must have been my aunt.

Bur. Eh! why what's the meaning of all this?

Fan. I suspect the meaning is, *because* here is a *second* meeting of the parties, without previous notice by advertisement.

Bur. What, my maiden sister, *Victoria*! reason and decorum met together by advertisement!

Vic. Oh! I shall faint!

Bur. Oh that the honour of a family should depend on a woman! (*to Victoria*) this was for want of a proper steady person—if *you* had been here——

Vic. Suffer me, Madam, to retire to another apartment—(*Exit with Mrs. G.*)

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Bur.

Bur. Well, Julia! you are at least sure of your aunt's pardon.—

Enter FREDERICK and LAURA.

Frederick presents Laura to Maxim.

Max. What! married!

Fred. Why, father, I made the most of the wind, while it blew favorable—as you promised your consent, give me your blessing.

Max. My blessing? yes, that's reasonable enough—but yonder stands my heir (*points to Algernon*) Algernon, you shall see my will opened this very evening, and your name inserted in the place of that unworthy boy——

Alg. Excuse me, Sir, if once in my life I presume to disobey you.

Max. What, you blockhead?

Alg. Had any action of Frederick's brought disgrace on himself or on you, believe me, Sir, I would have gladly welcomed your favor, and endeavoured to restore to you the lustre, which he had sullied—but an union with a virtuous girl, in which mutual love is the only crime, will never justify my usurpation of a brother's rights.

Bur. Give me your hand, my boy—Come, come, (*To Max.*) you shan't disinherit your son, old Reason.

Fred. Recoillect, Sir, that this morning—

Max. No more mention, you dog, of this morning—and—then—there I forgive you.

Bur. Did you get this hopeful boy by advertisement—a newspaper business, eh? you forgive him? ask him to forgive *you*—for the rashness of youth, some apology may be drawn from nature, but what excuse shall be found for the follies of age?

Max. Psha!

Bur. Well, you are all my guests for the evening.
To-morrow

To-morrow morning, we'll attend these young folks to church, and then I'll decamp into the country, where, having fortunately rescued one daughter from ruin, I'll keep the other out of danger.

Ful. The best protection for female innocence is the virtuous affection of a husband—I overheard a challenge betwixt Algernon and Clermont—the motive for dispute is at an end—I would wish to see them embrace as brothers——

Bur. What give Fanny to a madman, who has just refused an inheritance! Do you see any thing (*To Alg.*) in my daughter's face, to encourage so ridiculous a pretension?

Alg. I dare to hope, Sir, that my present want of fortune, as it is a reason for my silence, is the only one which imposes it on me——

Bur. And, why, you malicious dog, did not you tell old Deborah so, and prevent my exposing myself? I see Fanny looks disposed to provoke me to give her away——so take her——I thank Heaven I have enough for all—your virtues secure you respect in your profession, and I shall ever think, that real merit is the best support of FAMILY HONOUR.



F I N I S.

